

**The Evening World**  
Published by the Press Publishing Company.  
**MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3.**  
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD  
(Including Postage):  
PER MONTH.....30c  
PER YEAR.....\$3.00  
Vol. 32.....No. 10,940  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.  
NEW BRANCH OFFICES:  
WORLD TOWNSHIP OFFICE—1007 BROADWAY, between 121st and 122d sts., New York.  
BROOKLYN—232 FULTON ST., WALKER.  
New Department, 150 East 127th St., 43rd avenue at 237 East 127th St.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEADER BUILDING, 117 North 6th St., WASHINGTON, 410 14th St., LONDON OFFICE—40 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.  
The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

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**187,882**  
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What's to be done? Enforce the law? But men cannot be stopped and searched on the public streets to see if they carry revolvers. Make example of those men who are found to be carrying such weapons? Well, the discovery usually comes after the pistol has been used. BAKER carried one and he is wounded unto death, and as for ANDERSON, HALLIBURY and WEBSTER, what pettiness to talk of prosecuting on the charge of carrying dangerous weapons, men upon whom rests the awful responsibility of killing each other man.  
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The real Jack Tarr, however, thinks he finds the labor too great for the pay and other considerations in the new ships. The very spick and span newness of things in the squadron has led to this result. There is an inspiration on the part of the officers of each ship to keep everything looking fresh, bright and handsome. They give the orders and the tars do the rest, and it keeps the sailors busy. To be sure, there are orders radically wrong in this, but there are causes of discontent in other directions, some such circumstances as these are sure to give them new emphasis.  
We are accustomed to think of Jack Tarr as a jolly fellow. It is hard to conceive of him as discontented, a grumbler and a deserter. Let something be done, by all means, to reasonably ease his lot and keep him as he should be. It is very necessary that we have him whole, hearty and ready to render us his full service.

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ly. It is presumed that the feminine head of the house is already investigating the exact bearing of this naive admission.

Feeling the need of enthusiasm in his Prohibition Park audience, Mr. ISRAEL mentioned BLAIR's name and got it. His recent experience as a farmer, has taught him how to scatter seed for effect.

A Reading boy has been cured of epilepsy by a thirty-five-foot fall. The average tumble from that height yet remains, however, more immediately perilous to life than the fit.

Perhaps GRAY has resigned as a Committeeman in order to become a peace-maker. He is to patch up any differences among Wilkes-Barre Republicans.

That Ohio inventor wants the Government to buy his rain machine for \$1,000,000. His own rainy days, at least, would then be provided for.

HARRISON attended church unannounced. It was his over-light. He should have sent trumpeter and herald ahead.

**THE CLEANER**

I saw ex-Senators Ives and Plunkitt in City Hall Park yesterday morning. They were in conversation under the shadow of the General Sessions building. Both looked extremely prosperous. Plunkitt is reaping large profits from his business as a contractor, and Ives has added considerable to his own fortune by his recent marriage to the daughter of a Washington millionaire real estate owner.

At the Police entrance this morning I met John Thompson, who has been a feature of New Street for many years. He looked stout and prosperous and retains the cheery manner which has gained him so many friends.

An infant terrible ruled the deck of a Glen Island boat yesterday. The little tot amused himself throughout the entire trip by piling up camp stools and upsetting them, to the detriment of corn and tangerines in his vicinity. The mother watched his antics with an approving smile.

A youth of about sixteen sat in a Jersey ferry-house last night waiting for the boat. Closing his eyes, he stretched out in the seat and began to whistle the first bar of "Columbia." Over and over again the strain was repeated without a break, until a flustered old gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Sonny, for heaven's sake, quit this. The music stopped, and everybody was happy.

A portly gentleman, who had evidently been dining rather freely, boarded a Third Avenue L train at City Hall yesterday. The car was crowded and the conductor requested him to get further forward, saying, "I suppose you will find a seat further along." Gravely eyeing the official the portly man said, logically, "My friend, supposition never gained a seat." Then he dignifiedly stalked along amid a titter from the passengers.

On a Jersey City ferryboat, the other evening I saw a wandering minstrel who contained the accomplishments of guitar and harmonicon player, whistler, song and dance artist and tumbler. By means of a wire arrangement the harmonicon was fastened against his mouth, and with his hands he manipulated the guitar. After playing a kind of concerted piece he astonished the passengers by reciting a song and dance, followed by a whistling solo. Then, to titillate those who followed him, he turned a double-flip, much to the bewilderment of those who watched him. It is needless to say he was a collector of pennies, and he got them.

**WORLDLINGS**

Marion Harland is a large woman of matronly appearance, somewhat above medium height. She has a brown complexion, black hair that is beginning to turn gray, and a broad forehead. She began to write stories when a child of six.

A story comes from Myrtlewood, Pa., of a fireman whose childhood collar ignited while he was at a fire and burned his face quite severely.

The largest ship yard in the world is at Christiania, in Norway. Forty ships can load at its docks at the same time.

Major McKinley is a most devoted husband. Every minute that he can spare from his political duties he passes by the side of his invalid wife. When in Washington he rarely used to leave his wife, except to attend the sessions of Congress.

The President expects to spend a few days deer-shooting in West Virginia in the Autumn. He will be the guest of Stephen B. Elkins, and it is possible that Mr. Elkins will be of the party.

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SPECIAL MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT UNTIL SEPT. 30 ON READERS WANTED.  
15 PER CENT DISCOUNT 1 INSERTION.  
25 PER CENT DISCOUNT 2 INSERTIONS.  
30 PER CENT DISCOUNT 3 INSERTIONS.

**A Prescription.**  
Dr. Pratt.  
"What's good for a pain in the stomach, doctor?" panted Bridget, of Boston.  
"Green fruit of any kind is likely to produce the result sought," returned the doctor.

**The Great Work.**  
[From Brooklyn Life.]  
"If that creature were to be held tomorrow, Jawkins would be nominated."  
"Very likely; and if I were married and had twins, I should be a father."

**Insures Perfection**

**IN EVERY** Receipt that calls for baking powder, use the "Royal." Better results will be obtained because it is the purest. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. It is always reliable and uniform in its work.

"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other."  
"MARION HARLAND."

**Changes.**  
What Mike thought of change to go. Now time will change him. He'll change to anything. —Brooklyn Life.

**They're After Her**  
"It turns my heart as green as grass."  
"Did the lady tell you to say that?"  
"You now embrace the Summer law. We have just said down on me." —Puck.

**Depressivity.**  
This is the time when mosquitoes make beds that they'll get, somehow, through the window-sill. —Judge.

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**SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.**

**He Took the Chances.**  
Some one had given an old colored man in Jersey City a broken watermelon, and he sat on the curbstone in York street eating it with great relish when a pedestrian stopped to say:  
"Do you know the risk you are running, old man?"  
"Huh! What you talkin' 'bout?" he queried in reply.  
"You are eating seeds and all."  
"Can't stop my appetite for a few seeds, sar. Dar's a wint' ter be fo' cold men cum along yere purty soon, an' I haint got no time to mind dem seeds."  
"I've heard of melon seeds sprouting in a man's stomach," continued the man.  
"An' did he keep right on livin'?"  
"No, sar; he died inside of two days! Do you want to die that way?"  
"Skaskee, boss—skaskee, but I've willed to take some of de most tremendous chances anybody on dis airth ever heerd tell of. I doan' bodder me no mo' now, hase I haint, dat god, half-way down to de devil yet!"

**The Broker with a Roll.**  
One morning about ten days ago a broker, who has an office in Wall street, came downtown with his neck tied up. A boy had snatched it. There were 150 other people in his body where he would have located that roll in preference, but his wiles were not consulted. It just bobbed up there and he couldn't help himself. In the innocence of his heart as he made ready to come downtown he wrote on a card, "Yes, it's a roll," and put it in a convenient pocket. He boarded an Elevated train, chucking at his smartness. There were five or six acquaintances in the car, and he got the card all ready, but it was no use.

"I used fix seed on mine," quietly observed the first.

"Never knew one to bust inside of ten days," remarked the second.

"No, I don't know it to be a carbuncle," added the third, "and if it does I wouldn't be in your shoes for a thousand dollars!"

Everybody he knew had something to say about his roll, but he couldn't work that card off on any one. When he got downtown he changed it for another, reading: "Thank you. You're the 15th remedy suggested to-day."

"Huh, eh? Said to be a good thing," observed the very first man he met after preparing the new card.

"I've had 'em, and—'em!" said the second, who was in a great hurry.

"No, I don't know what a good for a roll, but I'm up on soft corners," remarked a third.

That card couldn't be worked, and a third one was prepared. It read: "Yes, it's painful, but I'm trying to stand it for your sake." He went rubbing around to get a chance to hand the card out, but somehow it didn't come.

"I've had a dozen of 'em in two years, and I never lost a minute's sleep," said a cotton buyer.

"I had one as big as an apple on my leg, and I used to hire some one to kick it," said a wheat buyer as he stopped for a moment.

"Huh! I just wish I had about four of those things on my neck, so that the children could play horse with them!" remarked a banker in envious tones.

As the roll began to spread out and give notice that it meant business the broker was advised by a physician to remain in the house for two or three days and keep it well polished. He didn't like to let go of his friends without some more effort, and so he locked up his office and mailed a card on the door on which was written: "Yes, I've gone home to wait for the confinement thing to bust." He had scarcely reached home when he received a telegram from downtown reading:

"What bank or scheme do you refer to?"

Half an hour later there was a second one, reading: "Card on the door very ambiguous. Send key to the cipher at once."

And there was a third and a fourth and a fifth, but the broker could only go on and cuss and endure. The roll finally broke, as any roll will if the owner and proprietor will swear hard enough and long enough, and the other morning the broker came down town. He didn't have any writing on a card to show about it. He was feeling as happy as a schoolboy when he reached Wall street at Broadway and turned down. There were about thirty men in line looking for him. Every one looked as serious and solemn as a judge on the bench, and as he passed along down the line each presented him with a card on which was written:

"Yes, it was a roll; I used flaxseed; I was home for three days; it was painful; I had busted; my clerk will furnish the rest of the particulars in a 400-page pamphlet."

And that broker turned about and walked up the hill and was lost in the hurrying throng, and to-day he cannot be found. His heart was broken.

M. QUAD.

**THE SUBSCRIPTIONS**

Previously acknowledged \$4,283.72  
Glen Tower Entertainment.....24.00  
Mrs. S. D. M. ....10.00  
Mrs. S. F. M. ....2.00  
Arthur P. ....1.00  
Ripley, Price .....1.50  
A Friend .....1.00  
Foreman A. Jeffrey .....25  
A Friend .....5.00  
No Name .....1.00  
No Name .....1.00  
Little Girl's Entertainment.....1.20  
Little Rabble .....1.00  
Cahoon .....5.00  
Maud and Jessie Hearn .....10

**MISERY MOST ABJECT.**

**Neil Nelson's Picture of a Squalid Portion of This City.**

One of the most miserable territories in the domain of poverty, west of Central New York—as far west as the Rocky Mountains—is bounded by Seventh avenue, North River, Twenty-fifth street and Fifth street.

The socialist or philanthropist make a house-to-house visit in this quarter and he will see more of life in one more than the slums of Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Louis combined would reveal in twelve months.

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Sometimes a door is pushed open, and a shivering, shivering, shivering creature is shrouded to death, is dragged off to the station, sometimes a door is forced and the agent of the poor strikes a match, looks about the dark room and finds the living skeleton of an old creature in the last stages of senility, very, very old, and the children are poked up half-naked, more than half-starved and rendered little less than half-savage by the abuse and neglect to which they are subjected. Some of the babies born to besotted parents are monsters in human form, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to find three consecutive days and nights awaiting the burial service of the Dead Man.

Grocers, bakers and butchers who establish themselves in this area of squalor soon realize their mistake, not because they experience any difficulty in getting rid of their stock, but the absolute inability to collect bills. A corporation would need less heart than the firm of Scrooge, Grindrod & Son to withhold credit from these starving wretches, and even though the grown people were repulsed, the little children who boldly walk up to the counters and demand raw vegetables or anything else within their reach would eat up all the profits.

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To be specific, take one block in West Twenty-fifth street if you want to know the depths reached by the poor in one of the richest cities in the world.

Separating two tenement-houses, Nos. 201 and 203 respectively, is a passageway, perhaps 10 feet wide, 50 feet deep and one-story high, variously known as the Alley, the Ditch, the Hole, the Gap and the Sewer. Across the black flagstones at least a thousand persons will pass in a day to and from the barracks in the rear, making a brigade of misery, pitiful, sick, little, shivering, shivering, shivering creatures. During the hot day, wretched children and puny babies play on the cool stones, which are not blacker than their own little bodies; and at night men with hard-set faces come out and smoke their pipes, until a most too friendly neighbor of the group starts the tin bucket. The second trip fills the ditch with merry jest and ribald song; the third round turns the flagstones into couches, and after that the presence of the police officer may be expected at any moment.

The women who come out of their rooms and climb down the narrow, creaking stairs are bare-faced, red-faced and unlovely. But, like the little children, they are thin and hungry-looking and woefully ragged.

One has only to look into their squalid rooms—not one of which is without a gap in its dirt-beset walls, not one of which has a window with a square foot of glass, not one of which has a breath of clean, pure air or a ray of sunlight, not one of which has a single convenience or a single article of comfort—to forgive them their intemperance. Clean water is as hard to get as sweet milk, and that is why the floor is never scrubbed, the clothes are never bathed, neither Sunday comes. Most of the furniture seems to be composed of rags, black as tar-paulin, that lie along the base-board, a bed for seven during the day and a pillow for the children at night.

Look about as critically as one can, and the eye finds nothing for these people to eat, nothing to wear, nothing encouraging to do, no plan or programme to follow, and nothing to hope for but death or the island.

The theory and practice of cleanliness and economy are as much opposed to each as the poles, and in the total absence of soap, towels, brushes and brooms there would be as much wisdom in telling these women to study sculpture as to clean up. You can't do a family washing, or even clean a child's feet with a pint pitcher of cold water; and soap, a wash-board, a scrub brush and hot water cost money.

Worse than their filthy surroundings, worse than their neglected persons, worse than rage and worse than their weaknesses, is the cruelty of the husbands towards their wives and the cruelty of the parents towards their children. Climbing up the stairs at the end of Poverty's Ditch a little girl was met. She said her name was Mattie. Her eyes were red and swollen, her cheeks were inflamed and her bare arms and hands showed black and blue marks. She looked to be about eight years old, and all the clothing she wore consisted of a calico dress.

The trouble? Her sister, whose baby she carried in her

**THE SUBSCRIPTIONS**

Previously acknowledged \$4,283.72  
Glen Tower Entertainment.....24.00  
Mrs. S. D. M. ....10.00  
Mrs. S. F. M. ....2.00  
Arthur P. ....1.00  
Ripley, Price .....1.50  
A Friend .....1.00  
Foreman A. Jeffrey .....25  
A Friend .....5.00  
No Name .....1.00  
No Name .....1.00  
Little Girl's Entertainment.....1.20  
Little Rabble .....1.00  
Cahoon .....5.00  
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